Welcome Home Brew

Ву

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EXT. EMPTY STREET. DUSK

Warehouses and derelict abandoned buildings scattered along the single road, lamp-posts are lit in the deep blue twilight sky. Wind blows some rubbish across the street.

Lights of a car in the distance break the visual silence, it moves closer and passes the only building with a light on.

The warehouse shaped building is a bar, with florescent buzzing lights in the window.

BOB (mid 40s) walking to the door takes a deep breath and looks at his Hawaiian shirt double checking his comfort. Bob stops outside the door and reaches to open it, but freezes.

Bob looks up and down the street. More rubbish blows and the car is in the distance. Bob opens the door.

INT. DERELICT PUB. DUSK

Bob walks into the quiet bar, the bright slot-machines are being used by a FAT WOMAN (40s) and DARYL (30s) leaned over her shoulder as though he was in mid-conversation.

Fat Woman and Daryl watch Bob as he walks over the the bar and sits down.

Bob looks around

POV: BOB CAN SEE AN OLD DRUNK MAN SLEEPING WITH A CIGARETTE IN HIS HAND AND HALF-DRUNK BEER. BOB SEES FAT WOMAN AND DARYL WATCHING

Daryl whispers something into the Fat Woman's ear, she chuckles and throws another coin into the slot-machine, the display-screen starts spinning. They both watch the spinning wheels.

Bob sits apprehensively at the bar, shuffling himself on the seat until comfortable. A generic melancholy tune is playing in the reverberated space. He rests his arms on the bar-top twiddling his thumbs in anticipation.

Bob looks at the sports game playing in the corner, an old television and a very old rugby game.

The BAR-TENDER (60s) busts through the back entrance, sweating and in a frenetic hurry he wipes his forehead with his dirty shirt before seeing Bob sitting there. He waddles over while still wiping his red and large face. BAR TENDER Hot, hot round there. Phew. And what can I get you?

BOB

Beer?

BAR TENDER (hurridly) Yup, yup, just a red? Yup?

Bar-Tender moves to lazily pour a sloppy beer from the tap, Bob watches as it fills over the top and is put down in front of him.

Bob hands over a dollar-note which is exchanged for some coins.

Bob drinks the beer as the Bar-Tender moves into the back room where he came from, steam pours out of the open door.

Bob watches the OLD MAN as he wakes up with his cigarette nearly burnt out, the OLD MAN smokes the rest and drinks another gulp of beer their eyes meet. Bob isn't fazed.

DARYL

You fucked up.

Bob hears this right behind him and turns around to see Daryl looking at him. Bob is ready to confront this stranger.

DARYL So fucked up. Don't you think?

Bob looks back at the Old-Man, he understands he is talking about the Old-Man. Bob drinks his beer as Daryl sits next to him, Bob moves slightly away in an uncomfortable reaction.

> BOB Aint nothing I *haven't* seen before.

Daryl stares at Bob who drinks again and looks forward at the heavy-liquor bottles, conscious of Daryls uncomfortable presence.

> DARYL His son used to come here and drink with him, he thinks everyone who comes in is his son now.

Bob takes an interest, and drops his beer to look at the OLD MAN again who is now dribbling in his sleep.

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BOB Is that right?

Daryl knows he's got Bob's attention

DARYL

Hes dead. Yeah, open to close he's here. Hes fucked up. Too much piss.

Bob looks down at his drink and swallows a large gulp until the glass is empty.

DARYL

Big night?

The beer gives Bob some light-headed confidence.

BOB (replenished) Something like that

Daryl looks at the extravagant Hawaiian shirt Bob is wearing, its neat, but looks odd with denim jeans.

Bob knows he is being watched and rubs the faded tattoo that rests in his forearm in hesitation.

DARYL Where you going?

Bob finally looks directly at Daryl.

BOB Nowhere, sticking round here.

DARYL Looks like your dressed for a big night, picked the right spot.

BOB This is my homecoming party.

Daryl chuckles and looks around the room.

DARYL

(sarcastically) Yup, yup, and some party it is.

Bob doesn't laugh as he stands up and leans over the bar in anticipation for the Bar-Tender to come back. Daryl sees this.

DARYL Just give him a yell.

Bob whistles loud, and hears a fury commotion in the back

BAR TENDER (muffled) HOLD ON!

Bob looks over at Daryl as though he recognizes him just as the Bar-Tender once again comes crashing through and even more sweaty then before.

The Bar-Tender is breathing hard and some sweat falls close to Bobs hands on the bar.

BAR TENDER Yup? Yup, more beer? Yes?

Bob looks at Daryl.

BOB (to Daryl) Want one?

DARYL

Sure.

The Bar-Tender is already pouring the two beers and they are lazily dropped at their hands with plenty of foam spilling over the top.

They both drink.

DARYL Home-coming eh? Where have you been?

Bob takes another heavy drink.

BOB

Drinking.

Daryl chuckles.

DARYL A celebratory drink from a lengthy time of drinking? You might like this place after a while.

BOB (pointing at sleeping old man) You think so? And end up like that guy? DARYL Appealing isnt it?

BOB Im used to it.

DARYL

Yup.

The Fat Woman still playing the slot-machine wins and the sound of coins hitting the metal tray gets Daryl's attention.

DARYL Maybe you should stick around, lots of good luck.

Bob drinks his beer.

EXT. HILL. NIGHT

A glitter of lights stretch out to horizon as Bob's silhouette moves along the ridge of the hill walking upwards.

Bob stands at the top of the hill looking outwards in all directions. Bob rubs his forehead and temple, he is holding a beer bottle.

Bob looks skywards to see the stars and drinks again.

EXT. BUS STOP. NIGHT

Bob sits at a bus-stop leaned over staring at the bottle of beer he holds, he takes a sip and looks down the dark road. He hears some chucking from a DRUNK MAN (50s) and DRUNK WOMAN (30s) they lean against the bus stop.

> DRUNK MAN (drunk and hazy) I cant wait, lets just do it right here?

DRUNK WOMAN (incoherent) Fucking bitch, fuck her. Yeah? Give it to me. I gotta piss

Bob can hear all this happening as he sits, he doesn't move he watches the feet shuffle underneath the gap of the bus-stop as the couple begin to have sex. The couple fall hard to the ground and start laughing. Bob gets up and leaves, they see him stand up.

DRUNK WOMAN Eh? Fucking pervert. Wanna fuck too bro?

The couple start laughing again, Bob walks down the road with his beer and drinks.

INT. MOTEL. DAWN

A sterile and plain white room, Bob is sitting on a small chair over a rounded table. Its quiet. He is flipping cards over and placing them on the table.

Leftover food is scattered along the table, fries and tomato sauce.

His suitcase is open with a small amount of clothing spread out.

Bob drinks more beer.

INT. MOTEL. DAY

Bob is sleeping with the television static on, its loud.

A banging on the door doesn't wake him up.

MALE VOICE (angry) Hey! You there!? Wake up!

More banging at the door.

MALE VOICE

Hey!

The banging stops

MALE VOICE (in distance) Is he dead?, jesus. Fucking useless!

EXT. LIQOUR SHOP. DUSK

Bob walks out of the store with a black plastic bag, he is tired and dehydrated.

Bob sits down on a bench and opens the cheap can of beer, its flat and he takes a sip of the beer.

POV: BOB LOOKING ACROSS THE ROAD AT THE SAME WOMAN HE SAW THE PREVIOUS NIGHT, SHE IS DRESSED IN BUSINESS ATTIRE AND HAS A CHILD WITH HER DRAGGING THEM BY THE HAND IN A HURRY

Bob takes another drink, and quickly puts his fingers in his mouth to retrieve something. Its an INSECT, he looks at the dead black insect held by the tips of his fingers and flicks it away.

Bob looks into the can and shakes it, only beer left, he drinks it.

EXT. DERELICT PUB. NIGHT

More rubbish trolls in the light wind along the blueish concrete floor. The red light of the bar lights up Bob's face as he looks through.

POV: BOB SEES THE OLD DRUNK MAN WITH A CROWD OF YOUNGER MEN AND DARYL HOVERING OVER HIM LAUGHING AND PICKING HIS HANDS UP LIKE A PUPPET IN CERTAIN DRINKING AND SMOKING MOVEMENTS

Bob walks away from the window, and looks down the street to see more rubbish floating across the empty road, he takes a deep breath. He walks into the bar to hollers and cheers of welcome home.

THE END